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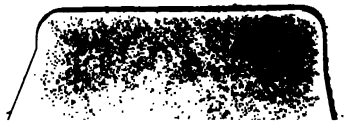

EGYPT;

A POEM.

EGYPT;

A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THAT COUNTRY AND ITS INHABITANTS.

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE CAMPAIGN,

BY M. M. CLIFFORD, ESQ.

OF THE TWELFTH OR PRINCE OF WALES'S LIGHT DRAGOONS.

Ægyptus portenta colit; crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc; illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin;
Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

JUVENAL.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
FOR R. H. EVANS, (SUCCESSOR TO MR. EDWARDS,)
PALL-MALL.
1802.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting the following small poem to the inspection of an enlightened public, whose attention has been strongly excited, and national pride fondly gratified, by the recent events in that country which it proposes to delineate, the Author has many and more urgent inducements than the casual indulgence of literary vanity.

Written at uncertain intervals, and under every disadvantage of time and place, he has, upon mature revisal, allowed it to retain the same simple dress it first wore; a dress which may best unfold the feelings that excited, and the train of ideas that contributed to its execution. The public are now, therefore, in possession

of it as it was composed during the avocations of military duty, in a small tent on the sands of Egypt, amidst the orange-groves of Rosetta, or on the tempestuous bosom of the Mediterranean. The opinion of the world, now well acquainted with the principal facts which led to the conquest of Egypt, will best appreciate the merits of those who bore a distinguished part; and these lines, unambitious of offering incense to the rising sun, have turned aside with melancholy pleasure to pay a slender tribute to one who, alas, is now deaf to the voice of praise.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Egypt, Canto I. - - -	1
Canto II. - - - -	23
Canto III. - - -	41
Asia - - - - -	59
Cintra - - - -	67
The Leaf - - - -	74
The Rose - - - -	76
The Old Man's Reflections. Written when only fifteen - - - -	78

EGYPT.

CANTO I.

EGYPT.

CANTO I.

Sæpè ego longos
Cantando, memini puerum me condere soles.
VIRGIL.

LOST to the world beside, a wanderer stands,
Far on the wilds of Egypt's barren sands,
Thinks on his home, beyond the azure main,
And scarcely hopes to see that home again:
Whilst the fond soul, in thought ideal roves,
Swift to the presence of the friends it loves,
And calls on Fancy, with enlivening ray
To shed her influence on the passing day.

Come! social nymph, and with thee bear along
The painter's pencil, and the poet's song;
Bring my loved girl, in airy dreams, to range
With me, each different soil, each climate's change;
Inspire my lays, and bid me firmly bear
The shock of battle, and the din of war.
To you then, mistress of my youthful lay,
Guide of my hopes, and solace of my way,
The Muse, unmindful of the sombre view,
Has strung, with feeble hand, the lyre anew,
And sings for thee, on Egypt's level shore,
Ere haply, doom'd by fate, to sing no more.
Ah! much-loved Emma, as the picture flies,
With eager haste, to meet thy radiant eyes,
Say, shall they still, with equal lustre, glow,
Nor bid the tributary sorrows flow
For him, whose inmost thoughts, untutor'd, bend,
To seek for shelter with a softer friend.

Here then begin, where many a burning sun
Has seen the days, in sullen sameness, run;
Where Britain's hardy sons, in long array,
Have toil'd the dewy night, and lingering day;

Here, where the sand, in heap'd confusion lies,
Have braved, for many a morn, the angry skies.
A gloomy view; yet still some guardian power
Has sought their welfare, in the dangerous hour,
And smiling Conquest oft has stoop'd to shed
Her laurell'd trophies on the warrior's head.

Hence let us rove, to seek some happier scene,
Some valleys glowing with a livelier green,
Behold the race of man, through paths unknown,
And make his various manners all our own.
Yet, ere we leave this melancholy spot,
Is not one tender duty still forgot?
Shall not one Muse lament her hero's doom,
And drop the tear on Abercrombie's tomb?
No! tears should ne'er bedew a warrior's grave,
Nor mark the period of the good and brave;
Ah! far removed beyond the scanty praise,
The humble tribute, that my song conveys;
Happy, in death itself; its pangs above,
Who live eternal in a nation's love.

Eastward we bend our steps; where, wide around,
Extended lakes the level prospect bound;

Where, o'er the waves, Aboukir's turrets rise,
And heap'd beside, the ruin'd hamlet lies;
Whilst, o'er the plains, seen glistening from afar,
The whiten'd bones attest the scourge of war;
When the fierce Turk, to shun a foe too brave,
Sought useless refuge in the welming wave:
Where too the Briton, 'mid the cannons' roar,
Undaunted stepp'd upon the hostile shore;
Made the proud legions to his valour bow,
And tore Italia's laurel from their brow.
Hence, as we pass along the sea-beat shore,
Man and his works delight our eyes no more;
Hush'd is the scene, save, lightly flitting by,
Oft the hoarse sea-bird gives a mournful cry,
On where one building, on the lonely way,
Receives the wanderer at the close of day.
Dull sets yon evening sun beneath the wave,
That rolls its flood o'er many a Briton's grave,
Or erst by winds, in raging billows toss'd,
Casts his pale corse on Afric's barren coast;
There, while no friend affords the pitying tear,
Nor decks, with modest praise, his early bier,

Shrill screams the vulture for her destined prey,
And fell hyænas sound the knell of day.
The soldier oft, along this mournful beach,
Faint, travelling, strives the limpid streams to reach,
Where Nile, smooth-wand'ring through the level plain,
Rolls his full tribute, to enrich the main;
The sand, soft-yielding, marks his lab'ring feet,
Still the loved objects of his toil retreat;
He faints, he sinks; and stretch'd along the shore,
Whilst his dim eyes some guardian aid implore,
Whilst, scarce alive, he cherishes despair,
With sullen roll the waves some comrade bear,
Musing, he views the senseless body thrown,
Sighs at its fate, and calmly waits his own.
But soon the sands of desert Afric end,
And richer Egypt's loamy plains extend,
Where proud Rosetta, on the banks of Nile,
Greets the tired traveller with a constant smile;
There, richly deck'd with sun-reflecting towers,
Fann'd by the fragrance of her citron bowers,
High o'er her head the tall palmetto spreads,
Low at her feet its sweets the myrtle sheds,

Warm round the spot the glowing orange blooms,
And poignant lemons scatter fresh perfumes.
Here, where the sun ne'er darts his ardent ray
On the fresh fountains that incessant play,
The stern Turk watches, with religious care,
The secret harems that inclose the fair;
Through the dark walks the fair Circassians rove,
And youthful Georgians raise the song of love.
Yet not the forms of Asia's captive maids
Breathe pure delight amid these bowering shades;
The jealous eye, that speaks the care-worn breast,
The look of malice, in each glance express'd,
Correct their smiles, and bid illusive art
Usurp the native feelings of the heart.
Yes! not the lordly Turk finds real charms
In the forced pressure of a captive's arms;
'Tis not for him she plies her toilet's care,
And binds in studded wreaths her jetty hair;
Bids the chaste pearl her polish'd forehead deck,
And loads with pure sequins her snowy neck;
But not for him; for if no young desire
Fans the warm embers of a lawless fire,

Vain that some rival fair her charms behold,
Her chains feel lighter, as enrich'd with gold;
Caprice and pride her trivial thoughts engage,—
A fluttering linnet in a gilded cage.
Yet many a fair the soft delirium knows,
The full, voluptuous bliss, that love bestows;
Yet are her black eyes finely form'd to speak
Why warmer blushes revel on her cheek;
And why, devoting all her soul to love,
She seeks the deepest shelter of the grove;
There the fond maids, at noon's oppressive hour,
Beneath the foliage of the secret bower,
Repose the sultry day; their slaves around,
Call from the simple reed a rural sound;
One, haply, tunes the melancholy lay
Of long-lost friends, and lovers far away,
Of scenes of pleasure, mingled with alarms,
Of lovers murder'd in their mistress' arms,
Of thoughts that wander, and of breasts that burn,
And blissful moments, never to return.
The tender Georgian, ere the tale is done,
Feels through each vein infectious sorrow run;

Oft, as she bends the mournful strain to hear,
Her dark eye glistens with a kindred tear;
And, as the fabled visions rise to view,
Her full-form'd bosom heaves responsive too;
Whilst the whole frame, submissive to the heart,
Finds in each joy and every grief a part.
But, ah! how small the bliss, the joys how rare,
When even sorrow forms a cherish'd share;
When the short moments, ravish'd as they flow,
Seem but the shadows of reflected woe.
Thus, though the hand awakes the lyre no more,
The chord still vibrates that was touch'd before.
Yet these fine marks of Nature's fond control,
These wild effusions of a feeling soul,
Lend to each feature more peculiar grace,
And tinge with richer glow the female face;
And oft, when real sorrows ask'd a sigh,
I've fondly view'd the pearl in Emma's eye,
And kiss'd it, as it fell; more pleased to see
A tear for others, than a smile for me.

The eye yet wanders o'er the level green,
Where gay Faöua's chequer'd domes are seen;

Famed for its scenes of soft luxurious ease,
Where, as their garments lightly caught the breeze,
The luscious Alme, with expressive glance,
Trod the fond measures of the mystic dance;
Bid the quick step the tide of passion tell,
And the warm bosom heave with wilder swell;
Taught the whole form, in airy grace, to move,
Or sink, exhausted, with the weight of love:
But this no more: a desert stillness reigns
Wide o'er the surface of these fertile plains,
Save where some village decks the cultured land,
The tawny daughters of the hamlet stand,
With shriller cry the passing soldier greet,
And lay their humble offerings at his feet.
There, too, the sun-burnt Arab, bending, brings
His well-fill'd urn from Nile's abundant springs,
Or turns the heavy wheel, with ceaseless toil,
That scatters moisture o'er the fissured soil.
Yes! o'er these fields, where Nature stern denies
The needful stream a sister power supplies;
Wide o'er the plain, see Industry appear,
And lead brown Labour through the circling year.

Taught by his hand, we trace the limpid rill,
The broad canal redundant sluices fill;
In hollow caves the genial water runs,
Hid from the influence of eternal suns;
And as the smiling Naiads still return,
With fuller streams, from Nile's o'erflowing urn,
Restrain'd by lofty mounds, the waters glide,
And give to other fields the gushing tide.
High on some bank, above the deluged lands,
Beneath the palm-trees' shade the village stands,
Silent and sad; beneath its low-brow'd cells,
Dark as his roof, the peasant Arab dwells,
Whilst, as the clamorous raven's tawny brood,
His sallow children cry aloud for food.
Yet e'en this humble floor, this clay-built shed,
That yields precarious shelter to his head,
Affords not quiet, or the calm repose,
The peace that rural innocence bestows;
Sleep yields no joy for him, as pallid fear
Paints, in each sound, some rude invader near;
As oft assembled, at the close of day,
The village robbers meditate their prey;

And, proud of fierce retaliation, plan
Destructive ravage to a neighbouring clan.
Hence, from the sudden inroad scarcely sure,
Gates, and encircling walls, his home secure;
And restless still, the watch-dog's early bark
Drowns the shrill carrol of the morning lark.
Placed in these wilds remote, no genial power
Gilds, with domestic bliss, the Arab's hour;
Far from the world, a stranger to its charms,
Victim of all its sorrows and alarms.

Leave we the picture thus; as fancy flies,
Led by remembrance sweet, to other skies,
And fondly lures me to the shelter'd vales,
And modest dwellings of my native Wales.
There, as the sun has tinged, with setting pride,
Yon white-wash'd cottage, on the mountain side,
Pleased, let us seek the wood-embosomed spot,
And view the lowly peasant's happier cot;
That cot, which, grateful to its humble lord,
Gives peace which seldom palaces afford,
Health, and subsistence, and a calm retreat,
To make those envied blessings doubly sweet.

Musing, its master sits, and smiles to see
His ruddy children prattling on his knee;
Safe when alone, as with encircling friends,
His door no bolt restrains, no bar defends;
Open to all, as well disposed to find,
Not foes, but only brothers in mankind.
To these endearing joys, these calm delights,
These tranquil pleasures, Solitude invites;
With her, Reflection, Nature's favourite child,
Strays through the lonely dell, and wood-walks wild,
Marks every plant, and every flower that blows,
And culls her moral from the opening rose:
And, as a fond nurse lulls her babe to rest,
Sooths the strong passions of the human breast;
Whilst those who, borne in rapid wheels along,
Court the tumultuous town, and madd'ning throng,
If one bad passion agitate their soul,
Impart the venom, and infect the whole;
And those same feelings Nature kindly made
To charm a cottage, and adorn a shade,
Mix'd with the poison'd mass, and foul alloy,
Estrange our pleasure, and pervert our joy.

Prudence is avarice, labour thirst of fame,
Love turns to lust, and modesty to shame;
And each, while wand'ring from its parent source,
Burns with more rage, and more destructive force.
Thus, those ethereal sparks, that, mix'd with earth,
Correct its mass, and give its produce birth,
Too largely group'd, to fierce confusion turn,
Collect in secret, and in silence burn,
Till, in wild flames, and loud explosion hurl'd,
The dread volcano blazes to the world!

Slow on thy banks, our army winds along,
Pride of my verse, and parent of my song;
Thy banks, erewhile with lofty sedges graced,
Or palm-trees towering to the distant waste;
Or near some mosque, with varied emblems crown'd,
The lonely cypress throws a shadow round.
Where, in yon deep recess, no straggling gleam
Of sunshine wantons on the placid stream,
A rude boat lies, in which, with parting breath,
Two feeble victims court the hand of death.
Ah! come not near, the dire contagion shun,
Deep in their veins infectious poisons run,

Plague on their tainted breath destructive lies,
And livid venom sparkles in their eyes.
Exiled to die unseen, from mortals driven,
Like him who first sustain'd the curse of heaven;
Exiled by man, who, bent himself to save,
Consigns a friend, or brother, to the grave.
Thus the poor deer, by deep-mouth'd hounds pursued,
Whose fellows drive him from his native wood,
Flies to the stream, to cool his inward fires,
Rolls in its wave, and in its depths expires.
Yet through the world, at different times, we find
The self-same feelings have disgraced mankind:
Yet has the patriot Spartan doom'd his child
To die, neglected, on the desert wild;
Witness! ye caves on old Taygetus' side,
Where the lost infant linger'd ere he died;
And, as his plaintive cries in distance cease,
Stains the soft manners of accomplish'd Greece.
This too we find, where earlier sunbeams play
High on the golden tops of rich Cathay,
Or where, in gilded folds, the serpent curl'd,
Glides through the forests of the Indian world;

Where the old savage, fit for war no more,
Scorns to lament his woes, his lot deplore;
But, whilst some life-blood yet his bosom warms,
Yields to more nervous hands his favourite arms,—
His spear and bow; and views, with patient eyes,
His callous children quit him ere he dies.
Harvest approaches fast; one boundless plain
Feels the rich pressure of the golden grain,
A fertile view; yet man's fastidious eye
Seeks scenes more grand than all these plains supply;
Sighs for the pastured hill, the quiet vale,
The blue lake ruffled by the western gale;
The dark wood bending o'er the mountain's side,
The tempest-shaken mill, the tower's ruin'd pride:
Such as thy scenes, oh, Persfield, as we rove,
Lost in the mazes of thy distant grove.
Yet have I seen, upon the banks of Nile,
Disportive Nature wear a livelier smile,
Where the full stream in mazy grandeur flows,
Where bolder hills the varied prospect close;
Bulac's proud domes, and Cairo's lofty towers,
And Gizeh shaded by sequester'd bowers;

While, far beyond, a desert waste appears,
Where, the world's boast for many a thousand years,
The massy Pyramids enormous rise,
Broad in the glare of Egypt's sunny skies:
In solemn state they soar; and, close beside,
The Sphinx yet frowns, in rudely sculptured pride.
Here, on this lonely spot, the letter'd sage
Has view'd them flourish through each passing age,
And deeply muses, while compell'd to own,
Their purport dubious, and their birth unknown.
Fame tells, old Cheops, in remotest time,
Raised, with presumptuous hand, the mass sublime;
Piled the huge rocks, and bid a labouring state
Groan for whole years beneath their cumbrous weight;
Dug the deep quarry, and, with sudden shock,
Tore the vast marble from its native rock;
For twice ten years the slow revolving sun
Shone bright on Egypt, ere the work was done;
And, when the wondrous toil at length was o'er,
And nations bow'd beneath the task no more,
The monarch view'd, amid surrounding gloom,
The proud completion of his hopes—a tomb!

Step lightly, traveller! thy footsteps tread
Rude, on the mansions of the ancient dead;
Names, that the Muse ne'er knew, in peace repose,
The sun that brightens, and the gale that blows,
Disturb not them; nor yet the daring hand
That strews their relics o'er the desert sand:
All hush'd in death! Amid these dreary cells
The night-birds nestle, and the screech-owl dwells;
And, erst, affrighted by the torches gleam,
Scare the lorn traveller with a passing scream.

Farewell, ye gloomy caves! ye tombs, no more
I tread your mazes, and your depths explore;
Yet oft, perchance, fond Memory's lasting powers
Shall deck your image in my happier hours;
Your awful stillness, and majestic height,
Your vaults embosom'd in eternal night,
And bid my visionary fancy trace
The long succession of your fallen race.—
Fancy shall paint for me, in brighter hue,
Thy cities, Egypt, and thy plains anew;
And, like the silent-working artist, throw
A mellow tint o'er scarce-remember'd woe.

Yes! e'en thy level plains may then have charms,
The clash of battle, and the din of arms,
No more be heard; and all thy scenes present
The calmer picture of improved content.
Yes! I will think, that Britain stoop'd to spare
A trembling city from licentious war;
Bade, in her streets, the scream of horror cease,
And shed the blessings of unlook'd-for peace;
Whilst, o'er the whole, I view'd, with joyous eye,
Her still-victorious ensign wave on high.
There too, old Nile his annual bounty brings,
Full from the depths of Gojam's distant springs;
When, fed by storms, by angry tempests nursed,
Fierce from the parent womb his torrents burst,
Catch the wet clouds from Abyssinian hills,
And drink the tribute of a thousand rills;
Plenty, and all her nymphs, a smiling train,
Conduct his waters, to enrich the plain,
Whilst mother Earth, in gay apparel dress'd,
Opes her warm bosom to the high behest,
Bids her young children catch the plenteous showers,
And lead his streamlets through her faded bowers;

Then, o'er the moisten'd plains, she kindly pours
The wond'rous produce of her native stores;
There its broad leaf the green tobacco spreads,
The pepper ripens in its cultured beds;
Here, in gay tints, the golden saffron blooms,
To give a richer glow to Syrian looms;
Here the press'd cane its sweet effusion yields;
The lofty doura blossoms o'er the fields;
The luscious fig, and downy peach, are found,
And the full melon creeps along the ground.
Still as these plains maturing sun-beams burn,
To thee, my distant fair, my thoughts return;
Bless'd, could I cull for thee each choicer sweet,
And lay a dearer tribute at thy feet:
For thee Pomona's toiling sons should rear
The richest produce of the loaded year;
For thee the young Bacchantes gaily seek
The grape that emulates thy blushing cheek,
When Morning glitters in her orient skies,
And owns her gems less radiant than thine eyes.
Such gifts I send not, but such gifts above,
Truth prizes verse, the fruit of faithful love.

EGYPT.

CANTO II.

EGYPT.

CANTO II.

Long in the regions of a cloudless sun,
Her task unfinish'd, and her tale undone,
For thee, my Hayley, has the Muse design'd
The fervent offerings of a grateful mind;
Whilst, to her view, Egyptian deserts rise,
Rich Delta's plains, and Afric's torrid skies,
Her thoughts, her wishes, unrestrain'd and free,
Pass the broad ocean, and attend on thee.
Not here, the Muse her favourite bower has wove,
Not here the shade of Eartham's classic grove,
Where every plant would urge a poet's fire,
To touch, with daring hand, a kindred lyre:

Where Fancy, smiling on the passing scene,
Would clothe the desert with eternal green;
And, bending lowly at the sacred shrine,
Might snatch a laurel from a wreath of thine.
Yet you, my friend, whose piercing eyes survey
At once the rising and the setting day,
(Like fabled Atlas,) may not still disdain
To rove on Afric's melancholy plain;
Invite, with me, succeeding times, to cast
One mournful look, a tribute to the past;
One look on alter'd Egypt's dreary shore,
Recount her sorrows, and her fate deplore.
Ah, luckless Egypt! doom'd, in every age,
To feel some rude invader's furious rage!
Still has ambitious man, with daring hand,
Grasp'd the weak sceptre of thy plenteous land.
Hence, from the time that old Cambyses bore
His countless armies to thy farthest shore,
Still have thy sons been destined to obey
An unknown master, and a foreign sway.
See Macedonia, here her warriors bear;
Rome pours her legions to the distant war;

Here the fierce Arab treads a happier soil,
And fiercer Turkmen revel in the spoil.
Scarce, in this mixture of mankind, we trace
The hidden features of thy ancient race,
So loved, so honour'd once; where Science first,
From dark surrounding clouds, irradiate burst;
Where thy old priests her infant footsteps led,
And wove fresh chaplets for her youthful head.
Then too well skill'd in legendary lore,
Her deep researching sages Memphis bore,
And form'd ambiguous, with mystic plan,
A double power to guide the steps of man:
One, gifted fair, with all that art approves,
To deck the person, and the form it loves,—
Youth, beauty, goodness, and a godlike mind,
Dispensing blessings, to enrich mankind;
Warm as the sun that in his person shone,
His brilliant emblem, and imperial throne.
Contrasted full, the sage's pencil drew
A power of look malign, and blackest hue;
Dæmon of ill, to check each good design,
Each purposed blessing of the Hand Divine,

Nip the young bud, the face of heaven deform,
O'ercloud the sunshine, and increase the storm.
Thus far a gleam of light: but now succeed
The idol objects of the Pagan creed,
Isis, and old Osiris, monstrous train,
The shapeless offspring of a heated brain;
Such the dog Anubis, and all the tales
Of gloomy Charon, and the shadowy vales,
Whence the young Muse of Greece imbibed her fire,
Caught the new strain, and tuned her sacred lyre;
Where her loved Homer form'd his early song,
Breathed the warm lay, and led the choral throng.
Fallen are thy glories, Memphis! all is o'er;
Thy temples glitter in the sun no more;
No more the nations of the earth behold
Thy dwellings, burnish'd with resplendent gold;
The Muse alone records thy former lot,
Thy name unheeded, and thy place forgot.
Alike Oblivion veils, in darkest shade,
The piles that flourish'd, and the hands that made;
Kings, and the works of kings, alike are lost,
Their glittering pageantry, and empty boast;

Nor one remains, of all the ancient line,
To tell th' inquiring sage, These once were mine!
Here, where of old the dark Egyptian trod,
The splendid Persian owns another god,
And, prostrate thrown, beneath his piercing ray,
Implores and deifies the lamp of day.
See here, the sons of Macedonia rove,
Led by the self-imagined son of Jove;
And, tired of war, forget, in slothful peace,
The wooded valleys, and the hills of Greece.
Each forms his plan, and, with indignant zeal,
Bids a whole world the same emotions feel;
Bids nations bow beneath an unknown shrine,
Adore new names, and call new forms divine.
Hence, in the sacred fanes, where, oft implored,
Dwelt old Osiris, by a world adored,
New powers arise, whilst Art, with magic grace,
Weaves a bright tissue for the hallow'd place,
Bids all the wonders throw a grace around,
Builds the tall pile, and sanctifies the ground,
And offers oft, with superstitious plan,
A dove to Venus, and a goat to Pan.

Boast of mankind, while yet the Historic Muse,
Through many a line, the glorious work pursues,
Tells of past scenes, and, on her classic page,
Records the actions of a distant age,
Thy name shall live, as Memory fondly dwells
Deep on the scenes the lyre harmonious swells,
Of ancient kings; as he whose boundless mind
Collected science, to improve mankind;
And, greatly form'd, in one capacious store,
The Muses' fancies, and the sages' lore,
Majestic Ptolomy! and her, proud queen,
Whose name yet dignifies the tragic scene;
Who, bless'd with kingdoms, wore them but to prove
A gem to offer at the shrine of Love.
Here too the Muse shall mark the dreary sand
Where Pompey fell, beneath a murderer's hand;
Where too his happier rival, madly brave,
Leap'd the vast mound, and struggled with the wave.
But see! afar, from Scythian wilds supplied,
Unnumber'd thousands rush in warlike pride;
See furious Amrou! lead the maddening throng,
Fierce as a winter's torrent, foams along;

Impetuous waves on high the polish'd steel,
Warm with the workings of religious zeal;
And ruthless, executes, with savage breast,
The visionary prophet's stern behest:
Wide o'er the conquer'd land the sudden flood
Rolls its wild wave, and marks its course with blood.
The pomp of rule succeeds, the splendid court,
The burnish'd palace, and the gay resort,
Where the proud caliphs, heaven's vicegerents, shone,
Rich, in the trappings of a plunder'd throne;
Stretch'd their wide sway to Afric's western plain,
And revell'd wanton in the spoils of Spain.
Then too proud Cairo rose above the fire,
Bright, from the ashes of its ruin'd sire.
The Arab now, on Egypt's richer field,
Forgets the blood-stain'd spear, and glittering shield,
Forgets his wandering life, his freedom too
Is lost, and vanish'd in the distant view;
Unwarlike grown, and bending to the rod,
He, servile, trembles at a tyrant's nod;
Yet still, imprinted in his breast, we find
The thirst for plunder, and the savage mind;

Whilst in deep guise, and wily-craft display'd,
He sinks the warrior in the robber's trade;
And still his breth'ren of the desert share
Ungenial climate, and eternal war.
Mark then, yon form! that, with impetuous haste,
Seeks the deep shelter of the sandy waste,
Spurs his fierce steed, to emulate the wind,
And leave the cultivated world behind;
There, whilst around the eddying whirlwinds rise,
And tempests mutter through the lurid skies,
Sudden he hides his solitary form,
And seems the angry genius of the storm;
The savage Bedouin, whose earliest hour,
Spurns the rude grasp of kings, and kingly power,
Mocks their gilt palaces, and crimson'd state,
Born the proud arbiters of human fate:
For him, though Fortune builds no legal throne,
His scanty comforts still are all his own;
The milk and fleece his wandering flocks supply,
The camel feeds beneath his guardian eye;
The swift steed, neighing, owns his master's care,
Crops the thin herbage, and inhales the air;

Wide is his range, o'er many a boundless plain,
From Afric stretching to the Indian main,
The wandering tribes extend, in lawless sway,
The hardy children of the god of day.
There where, unknown, the deep Oasis sheds
A partial shelter on their sun-burnt heads,
To where rich Suez, on the golden sands,
Dispenses commerce to more distant lands;
Bids her long trains the sandy Desert brave,
And trusts her treasures to the Eastern wave.
On these wild plains the Bedouin alone
Builds his rude empire, and his wandering throne,
Asserts his rule, and, darting on his prey,
Scares the rich merchant from his toilsome way.
There where, illumed by Asia's brilliant skies,
In many a group old Tadmor's columns rise,
Where Time has spread his desolating reign,
And grasp'd alike the palace and the fane,
The Bedouin roves, and, mid the sculptured mass,
Views o'er his head the various seasons pass,
Rests his rude spear against the artist's pride,
Heedless where monarch's ruled, and sages died.

So pass their days; but if the wandering horde
Own, in collected force, a common lord,
And, lured by hopes of conquest or of prey,
Take through rich plains their desultory way,
One chieftain rules the whole, directs their force,
And leads the raging torrent from its source.
Then, in rude groups, around his planted spear,
Emblem of rule, the scatter'd tents appear;
On the full pasture near the cattle feed,
And the steeds wanton o'er the level mead:
There the bold Arabs emulative fling
The pointed spear, or ride the distant ring,
Whilst, warm with toil, their sun-burnt wives prepare
The simple diet, and the frugal fare;
And oft, as evening's dusky shades prevail,
Delighted listen to the well told tale
Of native manners; how some favour'd youth
Proved, through successive toils, unyielding truth;
Describe the girl he loved, her blushing hue,
Pure as, at early dawn, the crystal dew,
Her ruddy lips, where rich vermilion glows,
As, on some sunny bank, the mountain rose,

Her form as straight as forest cedars grow,
Her steps as nimble as the bounding roe,
Her breasts, that like two full pomegranates swell,
Her looks the secrets of the soul that tell,
Her hands, that boast the golden henna's dye,
Or the bright radiance of her melting eye.
Ye simple natives of a southern clime,
Condemn'd to wander to the end of time,
The Muse has mark'd you still a frugal race,
Unchanged by fortune, unimproved by place.
But now the Mamlouk rule and haughty sway
Claim the full song, and dignify the lay:—
Where woody Caucasus eternal shrouds
His ruggid summit in a waste of clouds,
From fertile plains, where many a violet blows,
Where old Araxes now unnoticed flows,
The race began; nor doth their lineage claim
Distinguish'd honours in the rolls of fame.
There, when bold Gengis, like a demon, hurl'd
War's fiercest lightnings on the Eastern world,
The stern Mogul, to please a savage lord,
Bathed in a country's blood his polish'd sword;

Wide o'er Circassia spread the dire alarms,
And tore the infant from the mother's arms.
Tired with the scene, at length the victor stay'd
The vengeful fury of his reeking blade,
And bore, rejoicing in his wealthy prey,
The youthful offspring of the soil away,
A race of slaves, yet destined soon to shine,
The scourge and terror of the Othman line.
From these the sultans of the South supplied
A warrior-band to deck their kingly pride;
Factious and bold, impatient of command,
The haughty Mamlouk trod a foreign land,
Till one, more daring of the high estate,
Braved with presumptuous arm a nobler fate,
And seal'd, ambitious of the earthly good,
His tottering empire in a monarch's blood.
Long since the date of that eventful day,
Has wealthy Egypt bow'd beneath their sway,
For them has till'd her thrice-productive soil,
And bade her tawny sons incessant toil;
For them has Cáshmir plied her silken looms,
For them bless'd Araby distill'd perfumes;

Whilst the proud Bey, beneath some grateful shade,
The cringing vassals of his rule survey'd,
Or in mock-battle bid his warrior train
Clash the bright sword, and scour along the plain.
Far from Arabian wilds his beauteous steed,
That boasts the honours of the purest breed,
The pictured turban, and the satin vest,
That loosely floats across his manly breast,
The full benich, in many a decent fold,
The pouch, irradiate with embroider'd gold,
The well-tried blade appended to his side,
Form his chief pleasure, and his highest pride.
Persia for him her glowing stuffs prepares,
Her water'd steel the rich Damascus bears;
Close at his side a slave attendant runs,
Black from the heat of Afric's western suns,
Rubs his warm steed, and frequent toils to lave
His glassy coat beneath the circling wave,
Or finely docile to the nasal rein,
Rides the swift camel o'er the sandy plain;
To bend with nervous arm the twanging bow,
Hurl the light javelin at the flying foe;

In airy circles, falcon-like, advance,
Or shun with rapid wheel the driven lance,
Wield the curved sabre, and with manly force,
Check, in his mid career, the foaming horse.—
These are the Mamlouk's praise; nor these alone
Placed the proud Beys on Egypt's wealthy throne;
Skill'd in the senate too, and quick to scan
The hidden secrets of the deep divan,
Their influence rose, and bade the pacha wait,
An empty pageant of imperial state:
For when proud Selim, with resistless sway,
Made their stern chiefs superior power obey,
Condemn'd to own, beneath his conquering sword,
A vassal title from a foreign lord,
The wily monarch, with a statesman's eyes,
Saw the frail tenure of his glittering prize,
And wisely form'd, with nicely-balanced hand,
Two jarring interests in the subject land.
Hence, through the whole, for many a passing age,
Has spread the civil broil, the battle's rage;
Hence have the Beys, in fierce rebellion's school,
Defied a slothful monarch's empty rule;

As thou, bold Ali, who, with vast design,
Plann'd endless ruin to the Othman line,
And tore, regardless of a despot's frown,
The richest jewels from his tottering crown.
Succeeding ages have with wonder view'd
Still from the parent source the race renew'd;
Circassia still, and rich Abaza pour
Their captive sons to Egypt's distant shore;
For Nature, studious both of soil and place,
Forbids to them to form a lineal race;
Hence the proud chieftain feels no tender care
To raise the fortunes of a kindred heir;
Feels not the social chords that sweetly bind,
Nor the fond presage of a father's mind;
But, sinking lonely to a tearless grave,
Dies, as he lived, a solitary slave.
Hence spring the lust of rule, the unbending soul,
The haughty spirit that disdains control,
The fierce eye, glaring with imperious fire,
The raging torrent of uncheck'd desire,
The thirst for war, that makes the Mamlouk feel
The high sensations of heroic zeal;

Whilst the old warrior still retains his arms,
Still pants for war, nor heeds its dire alarms;
And oft, regardless of enfeebling age,
Bares his right arm to meet the battle's rage.
  Here close the scene, her veil Oblivion throws
O'er the dark survey of attendant woes;
The Muse, who shuns the frown of savage pride,
Has fled primæval Nile's empurpled side;
And, as the mournful tale her page employs,
Seeks distant vales, and friendship's dearer joys.

E G Y P T.

CANTO III.

EGYPT.

CANTO III.

DEAR cherish'd Parent of a distant child,
In sickness patient, in affliction mild,
Ah, could I soothe by one emphatic strain,
The pang of sorrow, or the couch of pain,
Dear were that strain; where every line express'd
The warmest feelings of a conscious breast.
E'en now, far-roaming from thy guardian view,
Remembrance consecrates the song for you;
For you, selects from all her daily stores,
Those thoughts, those trifles, which a friend adores;
Those countless nothings which our lives disclose,
How dear—maternal fondness only knows.

And here what theme for you, where alter'd man
Scarce bears a vestige of his Maker's plan;
Where abject slaves the paths of murder tread,
And heap new vengeance on a country's head,
Where each rude breast destructive passions warm,
Nerve the fierce soul, and stimulate the arm?
Yes, here, as wandering through the summer's day,
Slow by old Nile I take my lonely way,
These are the forms I view, the lines I trace
Deep in the features of each offer'd face.
Here too the sons of savage Othman throng,
In many a group, the winding shores along;
The fierce Albanian here, with studied care,
Trains in a braided lock a length of hair;
The Arnaut here his crooked sabre wields,
And the rude Dali strides across the fields.
Here too, the pageant of a fleeting hour,
The Vizir, shews a mockery of power,
Bids ranks of slaves, obedient to his nod,
Bend to his frown, (the firman of a god,)
And, like some wayward child in trivial sport,
Checks the proud tædium of an Eastern court.

Here see, in silent pomp and rich array,
The graver Pacha all his power display;
View, smoothly borne adown the swelling tide
In easy grace, the gilded vessel glide,
Like that of old, when, fann'd by vernal gales,
Egypt's proud mistress spread her silken sails,
As poets sing, and from the neighbouring groves
Caught the fond welcome of the little loves.
Unlike in that, where sullen pomp alone
Builds, on the neck of slaves, his gorgeous throne,
Gloomy and still; and vainly strives to please
A restless mind, and bosom ill at ease.

Say, ancient Nile! thou tutelary stream,
The Muse's parent, and the poet's theme,
Didst thou not raise awhile thy hoary head
From the tall reeds that crown thy sacred bed,
Nor starting, view, along thy banks, unfurl'd
The proudest standards of a distant world?
While Gallia's sons, indignant, ceased to claim
Their faded laurels, and diminish'd fame,
Nor joy'd to seek, by ill success depress'd,
Unwelcome refuge in their country's breast;

Compell'd to leave, to rival hands resign'd,
Cairo's proud walls and empire, far behind.
We have a country too, and proudly trace
New scenes of pleasure in her fond embrace.
Ah, fancy-woven bliss! Ah, happy sounds!
The name of home in every charm abounds;
Calls up the fond idea's lengthen'd train,
Joys warmly hoped, and scarcely dreaded pain;
Paints, mid the breezy lawns and shady bowers,
Scenes of domestic bliss, and roseate hours;
Paints too thy forms, bright tutelary maids!
To deck the mazes of our English shades.
Ah! mid the beauties of my native isle,
Where courteous Nature wears a social smile,
Say, while afar these desert wilds I roam,
Does one soft bosom wish her wanderer home?
Heave, when the full eye drops the trickling tear,
Gaze fondly round, and wish her soldier near?
Musing, I nurse awhile the flattering theme,
Start from my trance, and find it all a dream.
Wide o'er these plains, where, rushing from afar
Bellona furious drove her blood-stain'd car,

Peace rules around; whilst, lost in mute surprise,
From either train the timid Arab flies,
Nor trusts the peaceful shew, but fears some guile
Hid in the semblance of a friendly smile.
No ties restrain, no social compacts bind
The fierce emotions of his savage mind;
Intent on war, to him revenge is given,
The endless curse of much-offended Heaven;
Receiving still the legacy of Fate—
Unceasing malice, and eternal hate.

Ah, bounteous Commerce! 'tis from thee we own
The genial influence of a British throne;
To thee the liberal wind, that, soaring high,
Darts o'er the whole a philosophic eye,
Still unconfined, beholds the varied plan,
And finds a brother in his fellow man;
Taught too by thee, with every favouring breeze
The well-trim'd vessel braves the swelling seas;
Where e'er she goes abundance still is found,
And fair attractive Science smiles around,
Like roses borne upon the vagrant wind,
That leave a portion of their sweets behind.

Yes, to the future race that tills this plain,
Some hoary sage may raise the moral strain;
May tell how nations left their peaceful home,
Through other climes, and other soils, to roam,
Clash'd the bright sword, and, with insanguin'd rage,
Bid countless thousands in thy cause engage;
Then, when the voice of war was hush'd and o'er,
Her verdant branch pacific Candour bore,
Still'd the rude sound, and bade the nations bend
Low at her call a brother, and a friend.
Haply some aged sheik shall stoop to trace
Some hard-fought field, or fame-remember'd place;
Tell how the Britons, here, in firm array,
Braved the dread balls, and won the arduous day;
And, mourning, think how many thousands died,
From distant policy, and rival pride;
Then, musing deep, from hence a moral draw,
Stamp the bold truth, and make these words a law:—
" Whate'er the lot the heavens all-seeing give,
" Wealthy or poor, with that contented live;
" Rest here, my sons, at home, nor rove afar,
" But, tutor'd, shun unprofitable war."

Now where, reclined in fair Rosetta's bowers,
I woo the Muse, to shed her softest powers,
Near Nile's full stream, and bid descriptive verse,
Scenes now no more, and actions past, rehearse;
And, while its breath the balmy orange yields,
While fresher breezes fan the moisten'd fields,
The anxious days, that but of late I knew,
Rush on my mind, and cloud the pleasing view,
Near Cairo's walls, where all-consuming pain
Spread o'er my days his melancholy train;
There, through the tædium of a summer's day,
Unclouded suns emit their fiercest ray,
Wide o'er the whole a power inclement reigns,
And burns, with ceaseless glow, the fissured plains,
Earth starting, shrinks beneath the vivid glare,
Remits her labours, and forgets her care;
Scarce does old Nile upraise his sacred head
From the deep channel of his mystic bed,
Scarce through the thirsty plains his waters flow,
Perturb'd and putrid, from the solar glow.
Dread silence reigns; here no luxuriant trees
Bend to the gale, or rustle in the breeze,

Save where in death the green acacias fade,
And thin palmetto's yield a scanty shade.
Here, parch'd and panting in the nether sky,
A listless group, the village inmates lie;
The dog, quick-breathing, speaks internal flames,
Lifts his dim eye, and man's compassion claims;
The wild ox lashes oft his glowing side,
Snorts o'er the plain, and rushes to the tide;
Man suffers most of all; his inmost soul
Throbs with the pressure of the stern control;
His temples sink with unaccustom'd weight,
His sinews slacken, and his veins dilate,
Swift through his frame he feels delirium run,
Convulsed and furious with excessive sun.
What are thy powers, Heat? Ah, wherefore shed
Thy fiercest rage on man's defenceless head?
Why fill with vivid glow each throbbing vein?
Why bind the enervate limbs in listless pain?
Knit the firm brow, and o'er his manly face
The baneful efforts of thy fury trace?
But chief the dread sirocco, gloomy power,
Rules the sad moments of the sultry hour,

Spreads horror round, and, with résistless force,
Calls his fierce whirlwinds from their parent source;
From Nubia's wilds, and Suez' burning sand,
Unnumber'd demons desolate the land;
A subtle dust through ether spreads around,
A scorching vapour shoots along the ground;
E'en the bright sun, amid the azure blue,
Assumes a deeper tinge, a violet hue:
Scarce can the lungs sustain th' invenom'd air,
Scarce the weak joints the fainting body bear;
Stretch'd on his face the Arab, couching low,
Shuns the dread torrent, and averts the blow.
More hapless they, by lust of wealth beguiled,
Who journey toilsome o'er the Desart wild,
The steed's shrill neigh, the camel's restless fear,
Too plainly tell the dire sirocco near;
Vain does the merchant lift th' imploring eye,
He sees no friendly hand, no shelter nigh,
Despairing, waits his melancholy doom,
Till all is hush'd—the stillness of the tomb.

Here too, while wandering o'er the level mead,
The traveller views unvaried plains succeed;

Deceitful, flitting in the solar ray,
Oft do the fancy-painted waters play;
Retreating still before his spell-bound eyes,
New lakes embosom, and new rivers rise;
Here the tall hill its shadow seems to throw,
And fancied turrets deck the waves below;
For, light as air, when still the nitrous sand
Plays on the surface of the even land,
Tinged by the sun, delusive forms ensue,
Cheat the tired eye, and mock the distant view;
But when gray evening gives a clearer sky,
Or blue-eyed morning lifts her veil on high,
The spell is broke, like some fond lover's dream,
Or the wild fictions of a poet's theme.

One yet remains unsung, where, famed of old,
Round Pharo's tower the sullen ocean roll'd,
Where still the taper column lifts its brow,
And views beneath its feet a city bow;
Scenes dear to fame, where once a hero trod,
Hail'd by the wonder-viewing world—a god;
Where too, in early times, her white-robed form
Religion shelter'd from the passing storm,

Smiling at Truth, till, more ambitious grown,
She bade mankind her splendid influence own,
In purple clad, and, with presumptuous aim,
To earthly diadems prefer'd her claim.
Then blushing Meekness left the courtly train,
And sought a home o'er some sequester'd plain,
There, with mild Solitude, serene to dwell,
And woo calm Quiet in her silent cell.
Yes; far removed from all this pomp and strife,
Dwelt the old fathers of monastic life,
The earliest hermits; who, in sullen gloom,
Form'd, e'en on earth, a visionary tomb;
There, oft exhausted by a length of prayer,
Their souls would wander through the fields of air
With angel hosts, and, with prophetic eye,
View the long ages of the world pass by,
While guardian spirits, round the flinty bed,
Shed balmy slumbers on the saint-like head.
Hence many a wild deluding sect arose,
Hence contests, fatal to the world's repose;
While Discord, raging with eternal ire,
Waved the fierce torch, and lit the slumbering fire;

Then mitred George, in regal splendour shone
On wealthy Egypt's sacerdotal throne,
Toss'd the fierce brand, and made a city feel
The baneful influence of its prelate's zeal;
Whilst Europe, dazzled by an empty name,
Gave to a factious priest a martyr's fame,
And built a shrine, that yet her sons adore,
On monkish rubbish, and polemic lore.
These all are gone; stern Desolation calls
Her famish'd train, to haunt these ruin'd walls;
Mid the lorn tombs her sullen children play,
Seek the deep shade, and startle at the day;
There meagre Hunger stalks, and pale Disease
Taints the pure waters, and infects the breeze.
No more these ports the crowding vessels throng,
No more these walls repeat the seaman's song;
All hush'd around, except the cannon's roar,
Rise in loud peals along the neighbouring shore.
Yet e'en these dreary hills, where Silence dwells,
These lonely vales, and melancholy cells,
These waters, gliding with unruffled wave,
Have seen one victim added to the grave;

Have dyed the Turkish annals deep in gore,
And swell'd a list of crimes too black before.
Majestic Osman! destined scarce to view
Thy fertile plains, and gilded domes anew,
To taste delusive empire's short command,
And basely fall beneath a murderer's hand;
Sad, round thy bier, I view the Mamlouks throng,
I hear the warlike dirge, the funeral song,
Whilst generous Britain mourn'd thy hapless doom,
And strew'd herself fresh laurels on thy tomb:
Then the mean villains sought, in vain, to fly
The dreaded vengeance of her searching eye,
Then, conscious guilt the haughty chief subdued,
And the proud Pacha trembled as he stood.
Yes, purple Tyranny, must blush to own
How weak the pillars that uphold her throne,
Whilst her own toils around her steps are spread,
And her own poniard vibrates o'er her head.
But what fair vision, with diffusive ray,
Gives a new presage to the rising day?
Lo! in gay wreaths, around her brows divine,
Combined, the laurel and the palm-leaf twine,

Preceding Conquest only strives to gain
New realms, new cities, to adorn her reign,
Whilst Valour, leaning on inverted arms,
Bedecks, with hard-earn'd gems, his sister's charms;
'Tis white-robed Peace; who, long invoked, appears,
To check the widow's sigh, the orphan's tears,
To bid new arts, and other blessings rise,
And add new lustre to the joys we prize.
See, at her call, from where Ohio flows
Through circling forests, and eternal snows,
Or where redundant Ganges, prouder stream,
Feels the near influence of the solar beam,
Or where young Victory detains awhile
The sons of Britain, on the banks of Nile,
The soldier hies him home, and views, in thought,
Those joys, those pleasures, all his toils have bought;
His dangers pitied, and his sighs repress'd,
Lock'd in soft slumbers on his mistress' breast.
Peace gives the world repose, and fondly calls
Her scatter'd children to their native halls;
And, whilst she joyous views her favourite isle,
Bids all her sons participate the smile.

Pleased, as my fond imagination strays
Where Thames, in dalliance with his wood-nymphs, plays,
Or softer-bosom'd Vagu, mildly yields
Her liquid treasures to Silurian fields,
I too her voice obey; the swelling sail
Yields its full bosom to the favouring gale;
Scarce can my eyes the lessening hills pursue,
And the tall column fades before my view.
Egypt, a long farewell! my steps no more
Shall print, at early dawn, thy sandy shore;
No longer shall I court, at eve's still hours,
Some Muse, yet lingering in thy citron bowers,
And listen to her song; whilst every strain
Invokes the moral genius of the plain.
Lonely he strays, and views, with tearful eye,
Long scenes of horror pass successive by,
Hears his lost children breathe the useless prayer,
And sigh for scenes of bliss they cannot share;
Whilst youthful Pity feels her bosom heave,
And mourns, without the power to relieve.
Perchance, yet labouring in the womb of Fate,
E'en these sad realms some happier hours await;

Unnoticed Science yet may build her throne
On those same plains, that once she call'd her own;
And, from the world at large, her sons invite,
To bring her hidden stores again to light:
So when some stream, along the meads convey'd,
Neglected, stagnates in a distant glade,
Here its broad arm the bending willow flings,
Dank in the pool the flowery bulrush springs,
From the unwholesome draught the cattle shrink,
And, unrefresh'd, yet linger on the brink;
The shepherd comes, he clears the weeds away,
Again he views the crystal waters play,
Catch the new gleam, and sparkle at the day.

ASIA;

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN MARMORICE BAY, DURING THE RESIDENCE OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE'S ARMY THERE, IN FEBRUARY, 1801.

A S I A.

Hæc incondita solus;
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.
VIRGIL.

AMID thy rocky steeps, thy myrtle bowers,
I wander, Asia, meditating, slow;
And court the Muse, to cheat the lingering hours,
And mark the days that would unheeded flow.

Come, soft deluder, come, as oft before,
To paint in glowing tints the fancied bliss,
The soften'd smile of her my thoughts adore,
The dream of rapture, or the ravish'd kiss.

Come, form with me a visionary wreath
To bind the tresses of my distant fair,
Catch the light perfumed gale yon myrtles breathe,
And bid it wanton through her auburn hair;

Or, on the bosom of yon azure lake,
Whilst the dipt oars the vessel gently move,
Bid softest music tremulously shake,
And swell in rapture with the song of love.

Fond, flattering thoughts! as lost in these I stray,
The fierce Turk bursts from out the lonely dell,
The grim wolf, howling, asks his evening prey,
And hungry jackalls raise a nearer yell.

For here no lover e'er attuned his song,
No maid, with yielding smile, proclaim'd him bless'd,
Here, wild as winds, and as the torrent strong,
Each tide of passion riots in the breast.

Not the blue melting eye of Georgian maids
Can bid the bosom glow with purer fire,
Bid social bliss endear these distant shades,
Or bid refinement tranquillize desire.

Ah, country lost to honour, lost to love!
How vain the spicy gale that fans thy coast;
How vain the myrtles that enrich thy grove,
Or the warm roses in thy valleys lost.

Not here at eve the labouring hind retires,
To share the pleasures of his social cot,
Nor smiling views, beside his little fires,
The cherish'd partners of his humble lot.

The little tyrant of a fleeting hour
Here dwells in gloomy fear, and sullen state;
Here starts, awaken'd from his dream of power,
To kiss the mandate that awards his fate.

Yes; though rude storms o'erhang our Northern isles,
Yet Nature wears in them a livelier green;
Pure honour there, and love's domestic smiles,
Congenial spring, to decorate the scene.

What though thy ivied walls, thy ruin'd towers,
Thy scatter'd hamlets, on the dreary plain,
Might lure young Pity from her classic bowers,
To mourn Oppression's solitary reign;

Yet here no gleam of worth adorns her song,
No virtue breathes beneath the slumbering clay;
No brighter name, distinguish'd from the throng,
Whose deeds of glory harmonise the lay.

The desert village, or the ravaged home,
Still marks the path some fancied hero trod,
Who, madly daring through the world to roam,
Bid Eastern nations tremble at his nod.

Not here the father of a country sleeps,
(As oft in Albion's isle the happier doom,)
Around whose grave the succour'd orphan weeps,
And strews fresh flowerets on his humble tomb.

There, worn with toils, the remnant of his days
The soldier consecrates to social joy,
And oft receives the tributary praise,
The meed of conscious worth, that cannot cloy.

The fierce defender of a tyrant's cause
Here, restless, seeks awhile a false renown,
Bids Nature hush, and mocks her purest laws,
Then dies, the victim of his master's frown.

Yet not the awful form, the sinewy frame,
That marks the natives of this Eastern sky,
Was meant to cloke a bosom dead to shame,
Or sink, abash'd, beneath a tyrant's eye.

Not thus the children of a bleaker clime,
Who feel, in smaller forms, a breast more pure,
Like the firm rock that stands the lapse of time,
More firm from tempests, from attacks more sure.

Ah, happier climes! if erst when Honour calls,
Thy free born sons rejoice awhile to roam,
With laurell'd worth they seek thy sacred halls,
And add more lustre to their parent home.

CINTRA.

CINTRA.

Muscosi fontes et summo mollior herba,
Et quæ vos rarâ viridis tegit arbutus umbra.
VIRGIL.

IN thy wild rocky mazes, and ivy-grown bowers,
Green Cintra, I linger awhile,
Now the Morn, dimly seen thro' her mantle of showers,
Tints lightly yon rock, and invites the gay Hours
To greet her return with a smile.

Scarce the low-tinkling bell of yon convent I hear,
Through the stillness that hovers around,
Scarce the goatherd's rude madrigal dwells on my ear,
And the brook, distant babbling, approaches not here,
But flies, as afraid of its sound.

But it is not the gloom that embosoms the grove,
Nor its mildness that seizes the soul,
'Tis the Muse, who alone can all distance remove,
Bear the mind, thus enraptured, to regions above,
And endear, by her lessons, the whole.

Yes, these are thy valleys, and these are thy dells,
Whence history adds to her store,
Some Muse on each rude-pointed precipice dwells,
Ennobles each valley, and mournfully tells
Of scenes she will sing of no more.

For ages have lapsed since the gaunt Moor has strode
Through the forests, that wave on thy side,
Since yon rock was his monarch's fantastic abode,
Where streams, in soft cadence, incessantly flow'd,
And myrtles fresh odours supplied:

Since the hoarse din of arms sounded loud on each height,
Where Christian and Infidel strove;
Since, from yon slender turrets, o'erlooking the fight
Some maid, with dark tresses, stood, pierced with affrigh
And breathed forth a prayer for her love.

Then the loud song of glory was heard in yon walls,
When the fierce rage of battle was done,
Then the knights shone at tournaments gorgeous, and balls,
And proudly inscribed, on their monarch's high halls,
The arms and renown they had won.

For not Hamet's proud treasures, profusely display'd,
Could avert the dread menace of fate,
His palace another's, his legions dismay'd;
A gray stone just tells where the warrior is laid,
And we muse on the fall of the great.

But see, mid yon pillars that solemnly rise,
Sebastian's first senate is met;
See the pure flame of glory shoots bright from his eyes,
As the scheme he unfolds, to their grief and surprise,
On which his wild wishes are set.

Hark, how mild are the sentiments Reason inspires,
While the Furies revengefully howl;
See Justice, reluctant, unheeded retires,
While the fanatic monk, as he kindles the fires,
Smiles fierce from beneath his dark cowl.

For the gray-beard Experience no longer prevails,
To asswage the fierce passions that burn,
From his country, with danger enamour'd, he sails,
Leaves her groves of dark citron, and aloe-grown vales,
Alas, never more to return!

Now no longer wild Merriment reigns in yon walls;
No longer the cielings resound,
There the lone ghost, at midnight, the stranger appals,
Strange forms seem to glide through the desolate halls,
And the ravens scream hoarsely around.

There, in yon eastern chamber, so dreary and lorn,
Alfonso stalks, sullen and slow,
There, years for lost empire have witness'd him mourn,
And the damp floor, by pressure incessantly worn,
Gives a silent memorial of woe.

Still fresh are the laurels that shadow the grave
Where time-honour'd Castro is laid,
How sacred the spot where reposes the brave!
There the orange and citron in unison wave,
And myrtles drop graceful a shade.

Then come all ye wood-nymphs, who dwell on these
heights,
Ye Muses, come join in the throng,
Here pour (as of old) your celestial delights,
While Cynthia, soft beaming, your presence invites,
To adore her bright empire in song.

Beneath the wild arbŭtus form me my seat,
Where the woodbine flaunts careless around,
Shew each moss-woven fountain, each shady retreat,
There tales of past ages, in visions, repeat,
While enraptured I dwell on the sound.

Ah, scenes of wild beauty! ah, vallies of bliss!
Could the bosom within be at ease,
E'en lost in your charms, one loved solace I miss,
All others I find in your mazes, but this
Dwells far o'er yon smooth swelling seas.

Yet oft let me thus, in thy myrtle-wrought grove,
Sweet Cintra, my moments beguile,
Till no longer, in banishment, destin'd to rove,
My steps homeward turning, the girl that I love
Shall greet my return with a smile.

THE LEAF.

To you that in sweet thraldom hold
A willing captive's heart,
What song unsung, what tale untold,
Shall prove a lover's art?

Ah, gentle Emma, Nature's child!
Art gilds no lure for thee;
Sincere, as erst when Emma smiled,
And gave that smile to me.

Say, as while lingering on the lip
Of Flora's favourite flower,
The bees a liquid treasure sip,
To store their honied bower;

Each joy, by Emma's smile express'd,
Each tear that dimm'd her eye,
Lock'd in the treasures of my breast,
A loved deposit lie.

Nor yet forget the playful hours,
When still I stray'd with you,
And, as the leaves from May's warm showers,
Each day my fondness grew.

Each season shall her charms recall,
In Fancy's magic spell,
Who kindly leaves her airy hall,
Awhile with me to dwell.

Each trivial act of life, shall seem
More dear, remembering thee;
Each thought appear a blissful dream,
That bears thy form to me.

E'en now, beneath autumnal skies,
Love one just emblem drew,
And each dead leaf, that wither'd lies,
Presents this moral true:—

" Though life's varieties combine
" Each system to derange,
" This wither'd leaf resembles mine,
" Who dying, only change."

THE ROSE.

UNNOTICED, yon rose in the garden would grow,
Unpitied its beauties depart,
A value, fair Emma! 'twas thine to bestow,
And I envy the flower, though unconscious it blow,
A station so near to your heart.

Not a word, not a sentiment flows from that tongue,
But a weight from its author it gains;
O'er her words, as she spoke, still enraptured I hung,
Fond love ever listen'd aloof while she sung,
And affection yet echo's the strains.

The cestus of Homer, in fiction, no more
With magical virtue shall shine;
Nor Venus alone this bright ornament wore,
For lovers oft give it the fair they adore,
And I have bestow'd it on mine.

From this, witching girl, you a talisman drew,
Hence graces unnumber'd receive,
For 'tis thine to make sweet e'en the parting adieu,
And farewell sounds more lovely, when utter'd by you,
Than the welcome another could give.

THE

OLD MAN'S REFLECTIONS.

LINES WRITTEN WHEN ONLY FIFTEEN.

In the sunshine of life, whilst we frolic the day,
How deceitful the moments appear,
When the dark clouds of autumn obscure the last ray,
Though it seems but the spring of the year,

Like the insects, that flit in the lustre of dawn,
Industriously idle we roam,
Till the shadows of evening envelope the lawn,
And remind us, unwilling, of home.

Then we tear from the trifles, which once we admired,
The veil that bright Fantasy wove,
Rend the chords that soft rapture so fondly inspired,
And attuned to the numbers of love.

Yet lingers one thrill in the sorrow-beat breast,
Which, alas, too responsive replies,
And in long-pealing echoes, more faintly express'd,
Floats the sound, till in distance it dies.

Ah, hover, ye visions, my pillow around!
By the cold hand of time clouded o'er;
Ah, whisper where some feeling trace may be found,
Of scenes that ye cannot restore.

Recollection of once happy moments may tell,
Where sorrow ne'er ventured to stray,
When the big tear, that roll'd at the parting farewell,
Expectation wiped gently away.

But hold, daring artist! no longer tis thine
To pourtray the bright scenes as they glide,
Here Art, crouching low, before Nature's pure shrine,
Throws the pencil, desponding, aside.

'Twas Novelty tinged every scene as it flew
With colours Art never can know,
And youth from each beauty that Sympathy drew,
Which he now can no longer bestow.

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